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T H E C R I S I S,

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PHILOSOPHY

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PHILOSOPHY

THE  
C R I S I S,  
OR THE  
BRITISH MUSE  
TO THE  
BRITISH MINISTER  
AND  
NATION.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

---

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY R. FAULDER, NEW  
BOND-STREET.

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1798.

[*Price Half-a-Crown.*]





TO THE  
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN  
OF THE  
*LONDON and WESTMINSTER*  
LIGHT-HORSE VOLUNTEER TROOP,

THIS

P O E M,

INTENDED TO PROMOTE  
THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM  
THE SAME SPIRIT OF PATRIOT ZEAL  
AND UNDAUNTED FORTITUDE  
THAT GAVE BIRTH TO THEIR INSTITUTION,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.



---

*A D V E R T I S E M E N T.*

---

**T**HE following verses were written, without much attention to method, during the short intervals allowed from more laborious and important studies. They breathe, it is presumed, the sentiments and language of every reflecting indignant Briton at this awful CRISIS! The adoption by the successive rulers of France of a system of government marked by more atrocious outrages against society than ever disgraced the reign of the most sanguinary tyrant of Asia, under the specious pretence of diffusing the principles of LIBERTY among mankind, appeared

peared to the author to demand that decided language of reprobation, which, in the subsequent pages, is by no means less sincerely bestowed than it is richly merited by those who provoked it. It was once the ardent hope of some men of enlarged and enlightened minds in this country, that, with its ancient despotism, the deep-rooted animosity that has so long subsisted between France and England would have terminated. Recent events have proved that animosity to be unextinguishable. That, henceforth, nationally, it should be so *in a certain degree*, so as not to exclude the operations of Christian charity and candour, is the firm opinion of the author of this Poem; and under that conviction it was principally written.

The Author embraces this opportunity of informing the Patrons and Friends of his History of Ancient India, that he flatters himself he shall be able to have his second volume of that work ready for delivery to the Subscribers early in the ensuing winter. He takes permission, also, respectfully to add, that the subscription, commenced for the kind purpose of obviating the difficulties which have hitherto retarded its completion, and which are not yet entirely removed, still continues open at the banking-house of Messrs WALWYN, PETRIE, and Co. No. 150, New Bond-Street.

No. 19, Princes-Street, Cavendish-Square,

June 1, 1798.



---

THE  
C R I S I S.

---

OH! Thou, whose laurels through each circling year,  
As long as Time rolls on his vast career,  
While public Virtue fires th'admiring soul,  
Or Genius awes it with her strong controul,  
Shall brighter bloom,—Britannia's early pride,  
Whose talents charm her, and whose counfels guide; —  
If the dark storms, that fill o'er Europe lower,  
For letter'd ease allow one transient hour;  
If yet thy soul the heav'n-born Muse delight,  
Sublime, of potent voice, and eagle flight;  
When, fir'd in virtue's cause, she pours along  
The thund'ring torrent of Tyrtæan song:

B

Immortal

Immortal Son of an immortal Sire,  
To Thee that Muse awakes the patriot lyre.

For others let the fragrant incense burn,  
Wafted from adulation's flaming urn;  
Unaw'd by menaces, unwarp'd by praise,  
Proud sterling Virtue seeks no borrow'd bays;  
While Genius, tow'ring on its throne of light,  
Shines in its own transcendent lustre bright;  
The flame it feels through kindred bosoms spreads,  
And wide the intellectual radiance sheds:  
As yon bright orb that lights the distant pole,  
And warms the glitt'ring spheres that round it roll,  
Exhaustless, flames with undiminish'd beam,  
Nor misses from its fount th'immortal stream.

Glowing in youth with freedom's holy fire,  
Arm'd with the spirit of thy dauntless sire,  
Exulting Britain call'd thee to the helm,  
And hail'd thee Guardian of the sinking realm.  
Taught thee to grasp the bolt that father hurl'd,  
Her own dread bolt that awes the subject world;



At the fierce Gaul th'avenging shaft to aim,  
 And blast her foes with its devouring flame.  
 When o'er her late\* the black'ning tempest spread,  
 Threat'ning to burst on her devoted head ;  
 When Faction wav'd on high her flaming brand,  
 And lawless Uproar rag'd around the land ;  
 While ruffian bands combin'd to trample down  
 Her ruin'd altars and her plunder'd crown ;  
 In that dread CRISIS of her darkest hour,  
 How nobly did thy daring genius tow'r !  
 Well skill'd Britannia's stately bark to guide,  
 Thou steerd'st her safely through the boist'rous tide ;  
 The madness of the raging billows brav'd,  
 And with thy pow'rful arm AN EMPIRE SAV'D :  
 Firm as the rocks that gird her sea-beat shore,  
 While round their base the deaf'ning furies roar.

Let the ferocious Gaul, with blood defil'd,  
 Stalk the first savage of the boundless wild ;

---

\* Alluding to the anarchical period immediately preceding the passing of the Acts for the better preventing Sedition and Treason.

With bold impiety his God blaspheme,  
 And brand religion as the bigot's dream ;  
 Let him, too faithful to his barb'rous creed,  
 And from the burning goad of conscience freed,  
 Rend all the sacred moral ties that bind,  
 In chains of social intercourse, mankind ;  
 With fire and sword the ravag'd globe deface,  
 The scourge and horror of the human race !  
 While the dire guillotine in secret gleams,  
 'Mid beauty's piercing shrieks and infant screams,  
 And countless victims, in the whelming wave  
 Plung'd headlong, make the frightened Soane their grave ; —  
 But Britons, faithful to the altar's fire,  
 Oh still, with fervent zeal, to heav'n aspire.  
 Close by that altar tow'rs a shrine sublime,  
 Whose adamant defies the rage of time ;  
 To Liberty that shrine your fathers rais'd,  
 And, while the radiant flames of incense blaz'd,  
 And while they clash'd aloft the brandish'd sword,  
 To heav'n's high throne their ardent vows they pour'd ;  
 Ceaseless to watch those sacred fires they swore,  
 To Freedom burning on her fav'rite shore ;

And

And with the noblest blood that warm'd their veins  
 From insult guard Religion's hallow'd fanes.  
 Ever may Britons at those altars bend,  
 And with the Patriot's fire the Christian's blend ;  
 Alike for virtue as for freedom glow,  
 And burst in vengeance on the ruffian foe,  
 Who, with envenom'd rage those shrines surround,  
 Altars and thrones would level with the ground ;  
 And on their smoaking ruins rear on high  
 Far diff'rent fanes to brave th'insulted sky ;  
 Fanes where dark Hecat, with her rav'ning brood,  
 Shall nightly quaff rich streams of infant blood ;  
 Atheists their Maker curse ; dire murderers yell ;  
 And licens'd dæmons act the rites of hell !  
 Oh! born the guardian of our sinking state,  
 Born to snatch Europe from the jaws of fate,  
 With firmness, **PITT**, undaunted, persevere,  
 While righteous Heav'n applauds and men revere ;  
 From Ufurpation wrest her ill-got pow'r,  
 Chain down her vultures, burning to devour ;  
 Bid Liberty the toiling slave illumine,  
 And chase the horrors of the dungeon's gloom.

Britons,

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,  
 Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear;  
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,  
 Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

Spirit of Roberespierre! that lov'st to rove  
 The deathful cavern and funereal grove,  
 What wide destruction hath thy fury hurl'd,  
 How thinn'd the nations of the ravag'd world!  
 And thou, whose sable pinions, wide outspread,  
 O'er all the west Cimmerian darkness shed,  
 Known by thy phrenzy'd eye, thy blood-stain'd vest,  
 The Gorgon horrors gleaming on thy crest,  
 DEMOCRACY! than whom no direr fiend  
 Did e'er from hell's deep gloom to earth ascend:  
 Oh! gender'd when primæval darkness reign'd,  
 And lawless anarchy her throne maintain'd;  
 That lov'st to mount the rapid whirlwind's wing,  
 And hear the savage midnight tempest sing;  
 Or, basking in the lightning's fearful blaze,  
 On the wreck'd globe to dart thy raptur'd gaze;

On

On burning towns and palaces o'erthrown,  
 And hear'ft, unmov'd, expiring Nature groan ;  
 Dragg'd to thine altars, what a countless throng,  
 Slaughter'd like beafts, the shriek of death prolong !  
 Nor thefe of vulgar fame, or humble birth,  
 But of the nobleft line, the proudeft worth ;  
 All that in virtue, talents, genius, fhine,  
 Swell the dire carnage round thy gory fhine !  
 Or, urg'd by favage tendernefs to fave  
 From the dire horrors of an infant grave,  
 What ling'ring tortures fhall the wretch await,  
 How black around him rolls the ftorm of fate ;  
 Torn from the darling child and blooming wife,  
 In defert folitudes to wafte his life ;  
 Condemn'd beneath a tropic fun to toil,  
 Delve the dark mine, or plough the burning foil.  
 Infuriate fiend ! at length thy wrath fufpend,  
 Or to the Lybian wafte thy footfteps bend,  
 On kindred tigers fpend thy murd'rous rage,  
 But ceafe with man eternal war to wage !

How

How wide the sanguine deluge rolls around,  
 How deep it stains Italia's fertile bound !  
 Reflection shudders, while, before mine eyes,  
 Such scenes of black progressive horror rise :  
 Latium ! I see thy butcher'd sons expire,  
 Thy temples blaze in sacrilegious fire ;  
 I see thy venerable mitred train  
 Dragg'd from their shrines, or at their altars slain. —  
 When from his frozen bound the Vandal came,  
 Sack'd Rome's proud walls, and wrapp'd her tow'rs in flame ;  
 When high th'ensanguin'd Goth, in barb'rous pride,  
 His banners wav'd o'er Tibur's reflux tide ;  
 When their dark hosts through rich Campania pour'd,  
 And gave thy gasping nobles to the sword ;  
 Nor Goth nor Vandal half such havoc made,  
 As Gaul's dire chieftains through thy plains have spread.  
 When will the day of awful vengeance come ?  
 I see it burst from time's disclosing womb ;  
 When, to the *genuine rights of men* awake,  
 Latium's insulted sons their bonds shall break ;  
 And, while their souls with indignation burn,  
 On their proud lords their thirsty poniards turn ;

One great revenge for all their wrongs obtain,  
 For provinces laid waste and myriads slain ;  
 With tides of Gallic blood expunge their stains,  
 And shew mankind that GOD, TH'AVENGER, reigns.  
 But not from Latium's beggard sons alone  
 Streams the big tear and bursts the heart-felt groan,  
 Through Europe's farthest bounds what outcries rise,  
 While age and youth with pray'r besiege the skies,  
 The remnant of her drooping race to save,  
 And snatch expiring nations from the grave.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,  
 Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear ;  
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,  
 Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

Let base Batavia bow the stubborn neck,  
 And ravag'd Belgium tremble at his beck ;  
 Let vanquish'd Spain in tears of blood bemoan  
 Her haughty spirit broke, and trampled throne ;  
 Again let Prussia's perjur'd Lord be fold,  
 And barter royal faith for Gallic gold ;

While Austria, panting to divide the spoil,  
 Yields, for a slip of Latium's plunder'd soil,  
 What all the gems, that drink the solar ray  
 Deep in Golconda's mines, can ne'er repay,  
 Th' eternal rights which sov'reign nations claim ;  
 Gluts the gorg'd foe, and feeds devouring flame, —  
 A flame that soon his empire shall consume,  
 And turn his smoking palace to a tomb.  
 But, oh! shall Britons, whose exalted name  
 Shines brightest on the dazzling roll of fame ;  
 Shall the bold sons of freedom and the waves  
 Shrink at the nod of Gaul's imperious slaves ?  
 A race for dark insidious wiles renown'd,  
 And damning perfidies, through Europe's bound ;  
 Who boast to liberate enslav'd mankind,  
 Then the gull'd fools in *chains eternal* bind ;  
 Like *Judas*, the betraying kiss impart,  
 Clasp in their arms, then stab you to the heart :  
 Shall these rule Britain? First ye lightnings sweep  
 Yon blasted cliffs, and whelm them in the deep.  
 Inspir'd with dark mistrust and jealous hate,  
 They vow extinction to each neighb'ring state ;

While



While their dire myrmidons through distant lands  
 Spread their curs'd creed and hurl their flaming brands,  
 Till civil torches light them on their way,  
 And hosts resistless seize th'ungarded prey.

Shall you hoar deep in vain your coasts divide,  
 Britons, beware! nor pass the bounding tide?  
 Heav'n girt your island with the barrier sea,  
 Rent you from guilty Gaul, and said, **BE FREE!**  
 Oh! while one spark of British fire remains,  
 And life's warm current circles in your veins;  
 True to the charge which God and Nature gave,  
 View, as a wall of brass, that rampire wave:  
 Still lift the warding shield, the hostile lance, —  
 Concord with all the world, but war with France.  
 Her threats despise, her proffer'd friendship spurn:  
 Immortal let your rooted hatred burn!

When Freedom's dauntless bands the trumpet sound,  
 How, Britons, do your ardent pulses bound!  
 Or, when on high her radiant banners wave,  
 Who readier rush a thousand deaths to brave?

What bosom glow'd not when the galling yoke  
 Of tyrant pow'r your haughty rival broke ?  
 But, when with royal blood her hand she stain'd,  
 The trampled altars of her God profan'd ;  
 When, with dire lust of wild ambition fir'd,  
 To rule the globe her frantic aim aspir'd ;  
 In boundless massacre her sword embru'd,  
 In fetters binding whom her arms subdu'd ;  
 With Gothic transport, to her faithless shore  
 Th'enormous spoil of plunder'd Europe bore, —  
 When, with the wasteful tiger's savage bound,  
 She dash'd Rome's peaceful eagles to the ground,  
 And left her sons their ANCIENT BOAST to mourn,  
 From the proud capitol remorseless torn ;  
 Who but with gen'rous indignation burn'd,  
 And from the hideous fiend abhorrent turn'd ?  
 In vain, fair Liberty, she vaunts thy fires,  
 No ray of thine her vulture sons inspires ;  
 Tyrants or cringing slaves, through ev'ry age,  
 With Liberty unceasing war they wage.  
 Whate'er her alter'd style or boasted name,  
 Trust me, perfidious Gaul is still the same.

Ask base Batavia what sublime reward,  
 For perjur'd faith, her sordid sons have shar'd?  
 What boon for Austria's gentler yoke disdain'd,  
 Save fines and stripes, hath ransack'd Belgium gain'd?  
 Who, direr far than all the brooding storms,  
 Whose rage Helvetia's wintry sky deforms,  
 Have flames and ravage through her valleys pour'd,  
 And all the horrors of the slaughter'ing sword;  
 With founding promises her chiefs beguil'd,  
 Then, basely, of their dearest rights despoil'd!  
 Those rights, so highly prized, so dearly bought,  
 For which in blood their valiant fathers fought; —  
 Who to her yoke would freed Columbia bend,  
 Who from her brow the dear-earn'd laurel rend;  
 That sceptre, which she boasts her Bourbon gave,  
 Would dash to earth and crush the humbled slave.

Britons, the **CRISIS** of your fate draws near,  
 Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear;  
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,  
 Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

But,

But, are there dastards so deprav'd and base  
 To pant for PEACE with this detested race ?  
 Go, bid the everlasting flame *descend* ;  
 With Neptune's waters strive that flame to blend ;  
 Bid hungry tigers, prowling wild for food,  
 Crouch with the tamenefs of the fleecy brood,  
 When vanquished Nature thus thy skill shall bend,  
 Then hope to make perfidious Gaul thy friend !  
 For ages who hath join'd each daring foe,  
 That aim'd thy tow'ring greatness to o'erthrow ;  
 Beneath her yoke thy stubborn neck to bend,  
 And from thy grasp the ocean's sceptre rend :  
 Of civil discord who the flames have fann'd,  
 When mad rebellion rag'd around the land ;  
 Who fir'd her torches on Columbia's shore,  
 And from its parent stock an empire tore ! —  
 What though no soft seductive arts ye boast,  
 Rough like your native clime and rugged coast ;  
 Ye glory in the nobler arts of truth,  
 And manlier passions fire your vig'rous youth ;  
 High beat their breasts with thirst of nobler fame,  
 Warm with unfully'd Honour's vestal flame ;

Virtue is theirs, — the substance, not the show,  
 And theirs, fair Freedom! theirs thy genuine glow;  
 Courage in battle, like the bolt of Jove;  
 In victory, gentle as the shaft of love!  
 These are your bulwark; and, when these shall fall,  
 Britain shall crouch the abject slave of Gaul.

Have you forgotten Cressy's glorious field,  
 Where the black Edward rais'd th'unconquer'd shield;  
 Singly her whole embody'd pow'r withstood,  
 And rush'd to glory through a sea of blood. —  
 In vain three sov'reigns, brave in arms, display  
 The gorgeous ensigns of imperial sway;  
 Dreadful as raging storm, or wasting fire,  
 THE DAUNTLESS SON OF AN UNDAUNTED SIRE  
 Impetuous thunders through the myriad band,  
 Strikes the bright sceptre from the palsy'd hand,  
 The lofty ostrich from Bohemia tears,  
 And bids it grace Britannia's princely heirs!

Does Poictiers' day no rapt'rous thrill afford,  
 Where, with still loftier wing, his genius soar'd,

When

When Glory's self his conqu'ring legions led,  
 And plac'd her crown on his triumphant head.  
 Sublimely borne, and blazing through the sky,  
 Before him see her banner'd pageants fly;  
 See at his feet her captive monarch bow,  
 And wail the jewels ravish'd from his brow.

An army with the pangs of famine torn,  
 With wasting flux, and lengthen'd vigils worn,  
 When Agincourt its iron front display'd  
 With no base fears great Henry's soul dismay'd.  
 Like raging lions bursting from their toils,  
 While Glory holds aloft the dazzling spoils,  
 From ardent valour snatching health's bright glow,  
 His furious bands rush headlong on the foe,  
 Beat down the tow'ring helm, the threat'ning lance,  
 And lay in dust th'aspiring pride of France.  
 As down th'historic page the wond'ring Muse,  
 Through rolling years, the brilliant theme pursues;  
 A thousand Agincourts in glory rise,  
 A thousand Henrys stalk before my eyes;  
 A thousand Edwards, bursting from the shades,  
 Toss their proud plumes and wave their gleaming blades.

Britons,

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,  
 Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear ;  
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,  
 Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

But, oh Britannia ! what immortal strain  
 Shall paint thy triumphs on the boundless main ;  
 Who sing the heroes that, from age to age,  
 Through ev'ry clime have bid thy thunder rage ;  
 From burning realms where southern deeps resound,  
 To where eternal frosts the pole surround !  
 Who shall thy Howard's deathless feats recite,  
 Thy fearless Drake's, invincible in fight ?  
 Whose valour, with the storms of heav'n combin'd,  
 The proud Armada to the depths consign'd.  
 To ardent glory's noblest fires awake,  
 What terrors could appal the soul of Blake ?  
 When on the Belgic chief, that dar'd to *sweep*,  
 With high-suspended broom, th'insulted deep,  
 Furious he rush'd ; and tore, indignant, down  
 The barb'rous emblem of usurp'd renown ;

D

Then,

Then, driving o'er the surge the routed foe,  
Swept the proud vaunter to the gulphs below.

Far distant on the vast Atlantic main,  
To check the ravages of hostile Spain ;  
Skilful as brave along a death-fraught coast,\*  
Pocock to vict'ry leads a gallant host :  
Condemn'd to perish on a barb'rous strand,  
Pale round his vessels glides a spectred band ;  
And oft before his midnight couch they rise,  
Flames in their hands and lightning in their eyes,  
Shouting revenge, and towards Havannah's spires  
Wave their red arms and point their hostile fires.

'Mid threat'ning rocks, and waves in mountains roll'd,  
Great Hawke, contending with the storm, behold !  
Nor rocks, nor roaring surge, nor madd'ning wind,  
From its firm centre shake his steadfast mind ;

---

\* Alluding to the celebrated passage happily effected by this gallant admiral, with a fleet of near two hundred sail, through the OLD STRAITS OF BAHAMA, an enterprize never equalled in courage or in danger but by the very recent one in the attack upon Ostend.



On fate's tremendous verge the line he forms,  
 To France more dreadful than a thousand storms,  
 Bids through a night of clouds the fleet advance,  
 And hostile fires illumine the dark expanse.  
 In vain their broken line the Gauls oppose,  
 While, as the furious conflict fiercer glows,  
 The British cannon raging, tier o'er tier,  
 Flame on their van and thunder on their rear.  
 Wild as the whirlwinds, that impetuous sweep  
 The raging surface of the troubled deep,  
 The Gallic vessels o'er the surge are tost,  
 Or swell the pomp of Britain's victor host!  
 'Twas then, — while heav'n with angry tempests lower'd,  
 And victory on Hawke's proud standard tower'd; —  
 'Twas then from heav'n, the brilliant deed to crown,  
 Britannia's Angel rush'd in lightning down,  
 From France her naval wreath for ever tore,  
 And stamp'd to dust on Biscay's stormy shore.

If, urg'd by rage and furious from despair,  
 Again her baffled fleets the ocean dare,  
 Terrific, Neptune, on thy billowy field,  
 The lion Howe shall Britain's vengeance wield,

Or Rodney, dreadful in her kindled ire,  
 Rain on those fleets a storm of liquid fire.  
 While far remote, in India's fultry sky,  
 Cornwallis bids her flag triumphant fly ;  
 And by her Barrington resistless hurl'd,  
 Albion's deep thunder shakes the western world

Sublimely thron'd on Vincent's rocky height,  
 Hark ! Glory, from her shrine of circling light,  
 Loud hails her Jervis on th'Iberian main,  
 Resistless bursting through the line of Spain !  
 Ardent to gain the wreath that Russel crown'd,  
 And brave Boscawen's vet'ran temples bound,  
 Reckless of storms, behold intrepid Hood  
 Plough with unweary'd toil the briny flood ;  
 In all their ports the skulking foe he braves,  
 And burns to plunge him in the whelming waves.  
 Last, but not humblest, on the roll of fame,  
 With nerve of adamant, with soul of flame,  
 See fearless Duncan, ranging undismay'd  
 Belgium's dire shore, with death and peril spread,  
 And rush, regardless of impending doom,  
 Where ev'ry billow yawns — a wat'ry tomb !

Though

Though ruin hover in a thousand forms,  
 Resolv'd, Batavia's marshall'd fleet he forms,  
 Tremendous on the foe his vengeance falls,  
 And thick around descend the rattling balls :  
 Retreat is vain ; behind the breakers roar,  
 While Britain's wasteful thunders urge before ;  
 The doubling game the dauntless Scot pursues,  
 And in the jaws of death the fight renews ;  
 Aloft in air her tatter'd standards fly,  
 Low bends the stately mast that pierc'd the sky ;  
 Devouring flames consume the glowing deck,  
 And a third navy floats — a boundless wreck !  
 Gaul views, enrag'd, her strongest prop o'erthrown,  
 And into air her daring projects blown.  
 Rage, baffled Gaul ! for thus, ere yonder sun  
 Thrice his bright journey round the zodiac run,  
 In black disgrace shall all thy triumphs end,  
 And all thy tow'ring pride in *smoke* ascend :  
 The injur'd object of thy jealous hate  
 Hurls at thy impious head the bolt of fate ;  
 On outrag'd heav'n's and man's determin'd foe,  
 Slow, but resistless, rolls the fatal blow !

Ye myriads, whom her direful thirst of blood  
 Plung'd in the rapid Rhone's empurpled flood,  
 Or from the cannon's rending mouth consign'd,  
 In mangled fragments, to the blasting wind ;  
 All whom dire Roberfpierre's unsparing rage  
 Crush'd in the blooming vigour of your age ;  
 Or, by succeeding Molochs dragg'd to death,  
 Who, deep in dungeons, drank infection's breath !  
 All who by hunger's pangs, to madness fir'd,  
 On your own fabre's guiltless edge expir'd ;  
 Or, to avoid unnumber'd horrors, quaff'd,  
 With pale and quiv'ring lips, th'empoison'd draught ;  
 Shout from the grave — in your, in Nature's, cause,  
 Th'avenging sword insulted Britain draws :  
 See her bright ensigns blaze from shore to shore,  
 See her bold offspring round those ensigns pour ;  
 Her ancient NOBLES, warm with all the fires  
 That burn'd at Cressy in their daring fires ;  
 Her valiant KNIGHTS, whose streaming banners shew  
 Their blazon'd triumphs o'er the haughty foe ;  
 Her gen'rous MERCHANTS, fam'd through ev'ry clime,  
 Of spotless faith and dauntless soul sublime !

Whose

Whose flags, through many a distant sea unfurl'd,  
 Uphold the commerce of the ravag'd world ;  
 In social bands remotest nations join,  
 Chill'd at the pole, or scorch'd beneath the line ;  
 Patriots to virtue dear, for freedom bold,  
 Who HONOUR still their PROUDEST TREASURE hold ;  
 Her PEASANTS, glowing with a Briton's zeal,  
 Whose loyal hearts are *oak*, whose sinews *steel* :  
 All ranks, all ages, feel the high alarms,  
 At Glory's call, impatient, rush to arms ;  
 Ardent to meet a foe their souls disdain,  
 Conqu'rors on shore and sov'reigns on the main.

To victory rush on, ye dauntless bands !  
 The fate of Europe trembles in your hands ;  
 Oh ! still for glory pant, for Britain burn,  
 Nor to the sheath th'avenging blade return,  
 Till Liberty her trampled rights regain,  
 Till Justice re-assume her ancient reign ;  
 Till vanquish'd Gaul in blood her crimes bemoan,  
 And heav'n's avenging arm, repentant, own ;  
 Or, in the chains she forg'd for Europe bound,  
 Spend her vain rage, and prostrate bite the ground.

Britons,

Britons, the **CRISIS** of *her* fate draws near,  
*Advance* your standards, *launch* th'avenging spear;  
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,  
**YOUR FIRMNESS SHALL SUBDUE THE WORLD COMBIN'D.**

**F I N I S .**



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